

We regret to record the death of Miss R. Stanley, who was trained in children's nursing at Queen Mary's Hospital, Carshalton, and afterwards at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, where she obtained her certificate in 1915. She has recently been working at Queen Mary's Hospital, Roehampton, and last week was warded at St. Bartholomew's, where she died on Sunday last.

BAKER.—On October 17th, of pneumonia, at No. 15, Canadian Hospital, Taplow, Nursing Sister. Miriam E., eldest daughter of the late George W. Baker, K.C., of Winnipeg, Canada. Canadian papers please copy.

FRENCH FLAG NURSING CORPS.

GRIPPE ESPAGNOL CONTAGIOUS.

A Sister writes:—"In the meanwhile we have turned into a medical ambulance and we are receiving 'grippe Espagnol' cases. For the first time since the beginning of the war we are doing medical nursing and our surgeons, leaders as they are, have now to turn their attention to the treatment of these cases. As this disease is supposed to be contagious we wear special gowns, overalls for the wards, and also we are obliged to have masks, which contain a strong-smelling disinfectant. Many of our cases are very serious—bad pneumonia—in fact, nearly all of them have complications of the lungs, and in many cases it turns quickly into pneumonia. We seem to be in a little world of our own in this château, surrounded by a big wooded park. The news from the front is always good. We are living in wonderful times. The end seems to be in view, but I think we need all our courage and endurance. This last year of the war seems to press heavily on everybody."

Another Sister says:—"We have had a terrible time fighting the Spanish grippe. It has been a ghastly time. Three of the nurses apparently dying at the same time, the pharmacien died, and many of the youngest and apparently the strongest of the *blésés*; the surgeon down with it, so Sister C. had entire charge of the surgical cases! Though running temperatures we Sisters held on and weathered the storm, *and showed them what the English can do*, and taught them the meaning of 'carrying on.' It was a stiff time—no ward-maids, no *infirmiers*, no kitchen staff—but the *blésés* who were well enough worked and cleaned and cooked and were just splendid!"

That is the way to win the war.

A CHRISTENING GIFT.

Madame Jamard writes from Bayeux:—"Many, many thanks for your very kind letter and all good wishes. I do think it so very kind of the Corps wanting to give baby a christening gift, and I cannot tell you how much I appreciate the very kind thought. It will be his most cherished gift, for it represents the Corps with which I worked so

long and was so very, very happy. Here in France they christen babies very early, so ours was christened when his father was on permission, and has been named Douglas Edmond Charles. Please accept our united warmest thanks for this very kind thought."

The gift is to be a pretty silver cup bowl and spoon, suitably inscribed as follows:—

"Presented as a Christening Gift, to Douglas Edmond Charles Jamard by the French Flag Nursing Corps, in recognition of his mother's devotion to his sick and wounded compatriots in the Great War."

WORDS OF COMFORT FOR THE SUFFERING.

We have received a copy of "One Minute Readings for Nurses and Patients," a little book arranged by Fanny K. Kindersley, with a Foreword by the Bishop of Worcester, who writes: "How to lead the soldiers in prayer when they come to us ill and convalescent has proved a difficulty, for in many cases no clergyman is constantly available. Commandants at the little hospitals have expressed this to me, knowing how precious a quiet time may become to the men, if properly handled."

To meet in some measure this need, Miss Kindersley has arranged "One Minute Readings for the Nurse," when all is put ready for the night; and it is suggested that she shall reverently stand, or kneel, and slowly read one of these portions, which takes one minute. They are composed of a few appropriate verses from the Bible and from well-known hymns, calculated to give comfort, and inspire the sick with hope, "The entrance of Thy words giveth light." The readings are prefaced by

"THE NURSES' PRAYER."

Lord, dost Thou need a human hand,
Sad pain to stay?
Oh! use my hands, and through them deign
Thine own to lay
On the sick ones, who need Thee so
On earth to-day.

And, as I work, grant that my faith
Discerning Thee,
Veil'd in these weak and suff'ring forms,
May give to me
A tender rev'rent touch, a deep
Humility.

Oh, wondrous thought! That glorious hope
To mortals giv'n!
That when I see Christ face to face,
All doubts forgiv'n,
He'll own it then as done to Him,
My King in Heaven.

F. K. K.

We are informed that this little book has been much appreciated by nurses and patients, and we are pleased to bring it to the notice of others. It is published by Elliot Stock, 7, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. Price 6d.

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